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PUCK.

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EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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THIRD EDITION:

PUCK ON WHEELS
PRICE 25 CENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Now that we are on the edge of September, when the Summer is growing tired, and the foliage has a fatigued look, like the green coat that was fair and fresh in June—now that two days more brings in the first of the Fall months, now is the time when a young man ought to pull himself quietly together and carry himself off to a retired place, and take account of stock. The Summer is at an end, young friend, you have had your vacation—an idle school-boy vacation a season long, perhaps, or a poor little picayune two weeks, perhapser; or, at least, you have had your odd days off, and got the skin of your nose sunburnt in brief impromptu outings. Now, then, it is a moral duty, most clearly incumbent upon you, to ask yourself if those days of leisure have been well spent.

* * *

Let us see. Perhaps you thought it was a very nice thing, that breezy day last June, when you got Maud up the cherry tree, and took away the ladder, and threatened to call her maiden aunt to look at her, unless your victim would promise to go rowing with you that evening. You did, didn't you? And maybe it wasn't Maud who got her little brother to whittle the foreward pin of the starboard rowlock half in two, so that it gave way right in the middle of the lake, and you captured a large and acrobatic crab and went over two ways—half in the bottom of the boat and half in the water? You knew, of course, that it was Maud who was laughing so much, and eating all the opopanax off her handkerchief, and screaming till she brought every boat on the lake up to look at you. But you didn't know how smart you had been until now, did you?

* * *

And you. You are another deep dark, shrewd, wily young citizen, aren't you. Maybe you think the widow let you put your arm around her and sit till the dews fell on the piazza like shelled peas, just because she was gone on you? And maybe you thought no one could see you, in the honeysuckle corner? And maybe the exhibition you made, viewed from behind, wasn't taken in by every girl in the house?

And maybe the widow didn't begin flirting with the rich congressman from the West, the very next day, and maybe you weren't left lonelier in that hotel full of beauty than Boss Kelly in a Civil Service Reform Convention?

* * *

How about you? Aren't you the man that had the big flirtation with the freckled girl down at Ocean Beach? Aren't you the man that was so proud of getting her to come out on a Sunday morning, with her gore-colored cartwheel hat and her Turkey-red skirt on, and promenade with you up and down the beach, just as the people were going to church? Aren't you the man who wrote her a proposal of marriage on the fly-leaf of the hotel Bible? Isn't she the girl who has it now? And aren't you the young man who is living at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, under the name of William J. Ferguson, with no trunk and a gripsack with one shirt and a free pass to Canada in it?

* * *

You! You too. You are another literary character, aren't you? And you wrote in Ethel's album, didn't you? And, not being able to invent your own verses on the spur of the moment, you copied some that you saw in a dime book, didn't you? And you afterward found out that it was an acrostic spelled U-S-E-S-O-Z-O-D-O-N-T, didn't it? And Ethel's Big Brother found it out too, didn't he? And he is hunting you now with a weaver's beam, isn't he? Oh, yes, young man, it would be wise for you to look back and see if some of all the freshness and newness of Spring hasn't slopped over into your Summer campaign.

* * *

In some remote valleys and swamps of India, and in some partially explored districts of several Asiatic islands, which abound with rank vegetation and are the home of slimy reptiles and fierce wild beasts, the Upas tree flourishes. It grows to perfection in the Island of Java, and its scientific name is *antiaris toxicaria*, but its poisonous qualities are quite as great in the English language as in Latin; English, therefore, will answer our purpose in this instance. Everybody has surely heard of the noxious Upas. It has been said that to even approach it was certain death.

* * *

And then it is more than a tradition—the existence of that wide valley strewn for miles with the bones, skeletons and putrefying remains of animals and birds who have attempted to pass over or fly across what was not merely the valley of the shadow of death, but death itself to them; for in this valley grew the Upas tree in rank luxuriance. We, too, in this country have a Upas tree. Its effects on those who approach it, or come within the range of its exhalations, may not be as rapid as the tropical production, but the result is none the less certain.

* * *

The home of our Upas tree is in Wall Street, and it will be instantly recognized by a glance at our centre cartoon. There it stands, firmly planted and filling the surrounding atmosphere with its poison, and corrupting and killing everybody who approaches within range of its deadly qualities. There is but one tree that possesses these fatal properties; but this one has proved itself to be as dangerous among us as a whole forest of them elsewhere. Men with reputations have waded through the sluggish stream which surrounds it to pluck the golden fruit which hangs in such profusion from its branches, only to die politically, financially and morally, while the tree still holds out its tempting products, inviting more misguided men to the slaughter.

What wrecks of character lie scattered around its slimy trunk! Here may we see the skull of the once famous Jim Fisk, one of our Wall Street Upas tree's earliest victims. An intelligent, though time-serving editor is the next in the toils, and then we behold the body of a man, with head surmounted with hyacinthine locks, who tried to be a statesman, did not succeed, and fell under the influence of the tree—fell to rise no more. Near him is the festering corpse of a corrupt judge. Further on is a general of great ability and of whom we have already a bad record of two Presidential terms and an attempt at a third, reposing near a poor widow and ruined stockholder. In every direction shattered homes, ruined property, death and destruction are visible.

* * *

The last victim on the extreme right was apparently a willing victim, so fatuous was his action. He is now Governor of the State of New York, but will never occupy any official position again, for he is so very dead. A "blind pool" and the Upas killed him—the combination was too much: it was instant death. But the tree is in fine condition. It will probably stand there for a long time to come, spreading abroad throughout the land, and other trees will grow up from its seeds and parasites. Our deadly Upas tree will continue to yield its fruit, corrupting judges, corrupting editors, corrupting Legislatures, corrupting Congress, corrupting everybody. *Floreat Jay Gould.*

* * *

Mr. John Kelly is uneasy in mind. He has a large number of votes on hand that he does not know exactly how to dispose of. They have been thrown on the market quite unexpectedly, owing to a little "blind pool" arrangement of Mr. Kelly's friend, Governor Cornell, who has no use for them now. Mr. Kelly's excitement and anxiety are not surprising. We wonder if he will find a purchaser for his property?

* * *

It is some time since the public has been treated to any Indian intelligence of importance. We miss accounts of scalping, slaughter and outrages in our morning newspapers. If it were not for the war in Egypt we should become almost Quaker-like in our peacefulness. Perhaps it is because we are feeding the redskins too well. If we were Secretary of the Interior, no able-bodied male Indian should get a bite until he had given the equivalent for it in work-scalping not to be considered as labor. But then we are not Congress or Secretary of the Interior, so the losing game of feeding and petting the lazy will continue for the present.

We now take occasion to remark, as we have frequently had the felicity and honor of remarking before, that—

If all through life you'd have good luck,

And feel the joy a warrior feels,

Meander off and buy a PUCK

ON WHEELS.

'Tis read in Egypt and Kentuck,

By Esquimaux among the seals,

And all the crowned heads purchase PUCK

ON WHEELS.

And we might go on to state that

If you all adverse Fate would buck

And ne'er run over at the heels,

Each starry night peruse your PUCK

ON WHEELS.

Just hand a quarter to the duck

Who "Morning papers!" loudly squeals,

And then you'll quickly get a PUCK

ON WHEELS.

Of all newsdealers.

THE CHUCKACHUNK VALLEY.

A NEW EDEN.

Explored by a Puck Commissioner.

CHIPMUNK HOUSE, N. J., Aug. 16th.

How am I to begin to describe the sublime beauties of this locality? To think that within an hour's ride of New York can be found a perfectly salubrious atmosphere all the year round, no mosquitos, an unlimited supply of eggs in the first blush of freshness, unoily-margarined butter, and cream so delicious and sensuous that opium has been obliged to roll itself into a ball and retire into a monastery! The bedrooms are large and spacious enough for walking matches; the hotel clerk does not wear a diamond stud, and always calls "front" in dulcet tones. The Spring chickens are tender fowl, and their necks are dislocated in childhood. The waiters bring what you ask for, and never require to be feed. There is music of the best quality, lawn tennis of unequaled character. There are horses bred by Arabi Bey himself, and groomed to look like sealskin overcoats; carriages far more aesthetic and artistic than the veritable and original Phœbus's chariot, and every appliance that can make country life thoroughly paradiseful.

So much for the comfort of guests. Now let us see what Nature has done for the Chuckachunk Valley. Do you want to go blue-fishing on salt water and keep your eyes steadily fixed on the surface, and your mouth wide open over the side of the boat, all the time indulging in your surging thoughts? You have a mighty ocean close at hand. Do you wish to paddle your own canoe in a calm lake, on whose bosom floats the reposeful and poetical water-lily, and the mud bed of which abounds with lusty and luscious eels? It is there—just five minutes' walk from your bedroom. You hanker after trout? A babbling brook is at hand with special headquarters for the dappled prettinesses.*

Every place worth going to is within view or within easy distance. How the beauties of this region could have existed so long without being generally known, it is difficult to understand.

* Instead of "speckled beauties."

Fashionable people, however, are now beginning to appreciate its delights, and the place will soon be famous throughout the civilized world.

Ascending the "Tempest Queen," the highest peak of Chuckachunk range, a magnificent scene bursts upon the view. You see on your right the whole city of Rome (Italy). Six of the hills are distinct; the remaining one is sunk a little below the Corso. The mound in the northeast corner is the Colosseum, and what has the appearance of a lamp-post is the celebrated St. Peter's Cathedral. Turning round and gazing in the direction of Hoboken and looking over Jersey City Heights, we see Venice, the queen of the Adriatic. The Grand Canal appears like a great green snake, through an ordinary binocular. Gondolas may be observed going to and fro. What looks like a lawn tennis net is a rear view of the Campanile and St. Mark's. Looking to the East-northeast, St. Petersburg stands out in bold relief, with the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and Nihilists may be seen in the act of excavating mines to blow up the Czar. A little to the South the eye rests upon Paris, (France,) the Louvre, Notre Dame, the new Hôtel de Ville and the Grand Opera House. Lifting the head a little, you can just see the Acropolis, at Athens, and the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Stage lines—fare five cents—run every ten minutes to all of these European cities visible from the summit of the mountain.

It may not be generally known that among the distinguished guests here are the Emperor of China, wives and family, Arabi Bey, the Czar and Czaress, Queen Victoria and John Brown, King and Kingess Humbert, of Italy, the King of Greece, Prince and Princess of Wales, the Grand Lama, Cyrus W. Field, Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde, Emperor and Empress of Germany, Emperor and Empress of Austria, King and Kingess of Spain, Sultan of Turkey, with a detachment of Sultanesses, John Kelly, George Francis Train and other members of the aristocracy.

I have no doubt that in a year or two Chuckachunk will leave Saratoga, Newport, Mount Desert and Lenox miles behind, as excursion tickets from New York are only seventy-five cents.

J. IREDALE.

THE PORTE PERTURBED.



AN INTERVIEWER'S INTRUSION.

Furkinings.

A WEDDING RING—Match-making mamas.

THE GRAND STAND—The Elevated Railroad at five p. m.

WHEN a gambler marries, he doesn't come out with a "no-card" announcement.

No, CLARIBEL, it is not good form to point at the clam fritters and ask the waiter to pass you the liver-pads.

YOU MAY always tell what people are by looking at the pictures they hang on their walls, and tasting their coffee.

ONE HUNDRED women are on trial in Hungary for poisoning their husbands. They probably gave them fried beefsteak.

IF WALL STREET could be towed over to the British camp, General Wolseley would have no occasion to be anxious about the supply of water for his troops.

SOON WE 'LL hear the urchin hoot
At the ped. it 's high time that
He should straightway go and shoot
The hat.

THE BANKS are now looking out for chances for new investments, in view of the fact that next month the hackmen will return from the watering-places and make their deposits.

I REMEMBER the brindled Tom cat—
The cat of my early days—
When she was hungry, her airy ribs
Stuck out like a set of stays.

Now ARE all the politicians who are out in the cold getting up their speeches on the ethics of hogs and the longevity of Spring chickens, to be delivered at the approaching county fairs.

Now, WHEN he is at the zenith of his fame and physical powers, is the time for John L. Sullivan to lay by money for a rainy day.

"Go to the ant, thou slugger, consider her ways and be wise."

It is about time that that white pocket-handkerchief, used by Arabi Bey to swab up his tears after the bombardment of Alexandria, was dry; it has been hoisted long enough on the forts of Aboukir.

AT DETROIT a match is talked about between the Knights of Pythias and the Knights Templar. The Sir Knights who succeed in getting off the greater quantity of sublime tomfoolery in exercises, uniform and ritual, are to have the first vacancies for circus clowns.

"I HAVE BEEN blind-pooled,"
Said Mr. Jay Gould:
"How much stock did you sell?
Please tell me, Cornell,
And hand me my check
And we 'll close up the spec."

A NEW VEGETABLE love song begins with these passionate words:

The cucumber sat on the back-yard fence,
And sang to its blue-eyed mate,
Which is probably a companion to the one beginning:

The carrot swayed arround serene
And fondly kissed the Lima bean,
Who murmured to the apricot:
"Oh, Marguerite, forget me not!"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXIX.

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.



Ya-as, I have been obliged to do a little entertaining by inviting some of the congenial wesiidents he-ah to dinnah in weturn faw somewhat gener-wous hospitality they have shown to me.

Said my wife to me the othah evening, just when we had weached home, astah being pwesent at a verwy fai-ahly arwanged dinnah party:

"Suppose we ask the Pwesident to dine with us durwing his stay he-ah?"

"Not a bad ide-ah," I replied: "he tweated us in a verwy wespectable mannah in Washington, and it is desirwable to indicate our appewciation of his attention; so you had bettah wite to him at once."

Of course the Pwesident immediately complied with our request, and aw said in his weply to my wife's note that nothing would afford him gweatah pleashah than to partake of the aw dinnah we intended to pwovide faw him.

That same evening it so happened that we met the Pwesident at the wesidence of some ex-governah's wesidence. I fawbe-ah mentioning the name, as he might not care to see his name in pwint. Howevah, the arwange-ments were quite successful, and the following evening a verwy well-fitted, and what the newspapahs call a select, party assembled at my house. It included two or thrree membahs of the Cabinet and othah persons who are looked upon as having a certain modicum of importance, chiefly, howevah, thrrough their pwoperty and income, and not on account of their wefinement, their good mannahs or their intelligence.

Astah dinnah, when the ladies had wetired to the dwawing-woom and we were having our weeds and cigarwettes, the Pwesident dwopped into an interwesting and confidential conversation.

"You have pwobably heard," he wemarked: "that I vetoed a bill that had weferwence to expenditure aw of large sums of money faw harbors and wivahs?"

"Ya-as," was my weply: "I wecollect hearwing something about it. Several millions were wanted faw clearing out the mud of some ditches that were in a wuinous condition?"

"Pwecisely," wesponded the Pwesident: "Congwess wefused to abide by my veto, and many of the appwopriations will pwobably be appwopriated by weckless and disreputable fellaws. I wish we could always have wespectable people 'wunning' our legislative arwange-ments, such as you have in your countwy."

I bowed and said that I felt aw tolerawbly pwoud at the compliment.

"And av by-the-way," I continued: "what is this extraordianry wumah I he-ah about the Lord-Lieutenant aw Governah of the Pwovince—I mean State of New York? Is it twue that he has been using his official position on the Stock Exchange—I mean Wall Street—faw the purpose of waising

and depwessing securwities and debenchahs? Is it twue that he is largely interwested in a varwiety of financial pwojects, and that, if he could pwevent it, he would nevah allow any measures hostile to his schemes to become aw law?"

"Mr. Fitznoodle," said the Pwesident, as he knocked the ash off his cigah and laughed: "I am not pwepared to answer your erudite conundwums. Let us go and talk to Mr. Secwtary Fwelinghuyzen on the state of affai-ahs in Egypt and the charwactah of Arwabi Pasha."

Evidently the Pwesident was not desirwous of discussing Amerwican politics, so soon aftah we withdrew fwom the dining-woom and joined the ladies aw.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

We do not hope to derive any more benefit from the Republican leaders in this state than from the Democratic ones. If the leaders of both were not imbeciles, and but possessed a spark of political honesty or a desire for the public welfare, they would throw aside all their party nonsense and nominate good and tried men like Mayor Grace, of this city, or Mayor Low, of Brooklyn. But such a boon is a sweet impossibility. Those who have these matters in their hands are almost certain to ask the people to vote for some plausible wire-puller who understands the art of holding office.

Even objectionable people have their uses. Had it not been for Mr. Kelly we might not have had Mr. Grace for Mayor, and it was a pleasant thing to see that, after Mr. Grace took office, Mr. Kelly repented of his good deed and set to work to abuse his nomine. But no one whose opinion was worth having listened to Mr. Kelly's bad language; and Mr. Grace stands high in the esteem of New Yorkers and would make a good Governor.

We could also say some agreeable things about Mr. Low. We are not receiving more than a million dollars a week to eulogize these gentlemen. Although it is almost a matter of indifference to us who is elected Governor, we do not want a professional politician, because a professional politician is generally a political fraud.

A REJECTED article is ne'er returned by PUCK,
But he hires it toted morgueward on a truck.

FREE LUNCH.

THE DRUMMER is always around when a cask is tapped.
—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

That is the time when he doesn't beat a re-treat.

"IS THERE a New Postal Ring?" asks the Sun. We haven't noticed any difference, but the man who leaves our letters usually blows a whistle as well.

IF DOG-CATCHERS are going to shoot boys instead of catching dogs, dog-catcher catchers will soon have to be appointed, to keep the mortality within reasonable limits.

WOULDN'T it be a good plan for District Attorney McKeon to hire, secretly, Pinkerton's detectives to club the regular police clubbers? In the chaste and classic words of Plato: "This snap woudl, perhaps, not be given away."

IN THE British House of Commons, last week, in reply to a question, Mr. Gladstone said that Her Majesty was busily engaged in looking through her bureau to find an Indian shawl for ex-King Cetawayo, and it would be duly presented to the monarch.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT EDWARD, of Wales, (England,) recently gave a garden party at Marlborough House at which there were three thousand people present. Just 2,998 more than were at the first garden party on record—that at Eden. The extraordinary progress of the age takes our breath away.

FINAL CHALLENGE.

I hereby challenge the world for the amount of the United States' public debt to produce a book for Summer reading equal in any respect to PUCK ON WHEELS—just out price 25 cents—to be had everywhere and vicinity—that contains more solid amusement to the square inch, funnier pictures, epic-er poems, side splittin' sketches, and wholesomer and eruditier philosophy. Man and money ready at five minutes' notice.

P. S.—No citizen who has not read PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882 is entitled to vote at the coming election.

PUCK'S PATENT CONVERSATION CARD FOR BARBERS—SAVES TALK.



THE CUSTOMER READS THE CARD—BUT THE SMART CUSTOMER MIGHT PRESENT HIS OWN CARD OF ANSWERS.

MIKE CASSIDY'S TOOTHACHE.



"I'll tie it to the dure, an' let some wan else pull it out!"



"There's some wan knockin'!"



"Come in!"



The tooth out at last.



"What's wrong wid ye, Mike?"—"Tis me tooth ye've jist pulled out!"



Explanations and congratulations.

REGULATION EVERYDAY, UNJAPANNED BAD-LUCK.

We are all doomed to more or less disappointment and ill luck, and are not warranted in saying what is in store for us, because, in nine cases out of ten, we are sufficiently at sea in our calculations to justify us in starting out as weather prophets.

When a man saunters forth in his shabbiest clothes, he goes through a side street to escape observation. Consequently he meets all his nearest and dearest friends before he has walked half-a-mile.

When he passes his girl's house in his finest clothes, that he may see her and be seen by her, she always happens to be at the top of the house tying ribbons on the dog, or doing her hair up in papers in view of a swiftly approaching German. When that man's pocket contains nothing but a few cents and suspender buttons, he is sure to meet the same girl right in front of a swell ice-cream saloon.

He is the hungriest man who reaches the counter just as the final railroad sandwich is vanishing. He is also the hungriest man who gets the dullest knife, the fork with the vital prong gone, and the lead tablespoon, whose handle is bent back so far that he can't get a drop of soup out of it to save his life without raising it at an angle of forty-five degrees and then lying down under it and drinking sideways.

The thinnest man who goes into the surf is the man selected by Fate to draw the bathing suit large enough for Jumbo.

The man who is rich and independent and needs nothing is the man who draws the prize in the lottery, wins money on horse races, finds the pocketbook the poor man dropped on the street, and is always being made a trustee, a director or a receiver, at handsome rates, without even turning his hand over for it.

The girl we don't care anything for generally falls in love with us, while the girl we love des-

perately usually prefers some other fellow who won't reciprocate.

When a man wears a handsome watch no one cares whether it is three o'clock in the morning or four o'clock in the afternoon. But when he hasn't a watch to his name every lady he meets asks him what time it is.

A pair of twenty five cent socks will not wear out unless you have but two pairs; but just put on a four-dollar pair of silk ones, and see how quickly each particular nail will bob up through the heel of your shoe and bite holes in them.

The moths always luxuriate in your swallow-tail and opulent Melton overcoat; they never touch your old dollar-and-a-half traveling duster, and, if you were to put them in it, they would yell police and try to recover damages.

Just go down to the railway station to meet a friend. Walk as slowly as you please, yet you will always get there ten minutes before the train arrives. But go down to that same station to catch a train yourself! You may go as fast as a horse can carry you, but you will not get there ten minutes too early. You will get there just as the train is going out, and you will have to run with your baggage in your hands, jump out into the air, grab the platform with your teeth and scramble aboard with your feet.

This will all be owing to the fact that the clock is wrong. The clock is always wrong when you want to catch a train or a steamboat, but when you have nothing to do, and no one's medicine to time, it never varies a second. But the hand is always over the keyhole when you want to wind it, just the same.

The man with a new hat is always caught in the rain; the man with handsome clothes always sits on paint; the richest silk train is stepped on oftenest; the child who wants to stay up all night is put to bed at eight P.M.; the fatigued, over-worked pilgrim always gets the hardest, lumpiest bed in the hotel—the bed that is so

lumpy that he doesn't know whether he is lying on a corduroy road or a set of croquet balls—while the man who is suffering indescribable agony from rheumatism arrives after every room is engaged, and has to sleep on the floor.

When a man goes into a stage with a party, and hasn't much money with him, it is always his ill luck to get nearest the driver and have to pay for the crowd. And when it comes to getting out, the pretty girls refuse to be assisted and spring airily from the steps, while all the corpulent matrons accept his hand, and jump clumsily on his feet.

If a deaf man goes to church he always gets the seat furthest from the pulpit. If a near-sighted man goes to a theatre his fate is the same. When a man gets another man's hat by mistake in a restaurant, the other man is generally the gainer by the mistake. And the wind seems to blow the skirts of the poet's overcoat up around his neck only at those unpleasant periods of his career when the *Ultima Thule* of his trousers has been recuperated with red flannel patches.

But it is unnecessary to say any more to prove that we all have ill luck, and the same kind of ill luck. The list of horrors would be altogether too long; besides we all know them by heart. We know that the buttered side of the bread comes down on the ground every time, just as we know that the last match either goes out or breaks off close to the brimstone as you draw it across the sand-paper.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SOME MAN has discovered how to make artificial moons. Now if he'll discover how to make artificial hooks to hang them on in the sky, everybody can have his own moon, and old Luna can be placed on the retired list with a pension.

PUCK'S E. C'S.

Der Seebote—A Yawl.
The Independent—PUCK.
The Irish World—Ireland.
The Mining Record—Bust.
The Medical Record—Dead.
The Hebrew Leader—Moses.
 { *The Casket*—London Fun.
 { *The Shroud*—London Punch.
 { *The Undertaker*—London Judy.
The Star—Mary Anderson.
Good Words—Have a Beer?
Um die Welt—General Grant.
The Ladies' Bazaar—Macy's.
The Advocate—Wm. M. Evarts.
All the Year Round—Hard Up.
The Long Branch Item—Dollars.
The American Queen—The Cook.
The New York Express—Adams.
The Irish-American—John Kelly.
The Century—Susan B. Anthony.
Inter-Ocean—The Garbage Scows.
The Chicago Indicator—Big Pedals.
Harper's Weekly—Nast's Cartoons.
The Popular Monthly—Mrs. Gamp.
Forest and Stream—Jones's Woods.
Funny Folks—The Salvation Army.
The Congressional Record—Crooked.
Elevated Railroad Journal—Hot Box.
Rochester Express—Leaves at 11:40.
The Riverside Press—At Haverstraw.
Delaware News—Peaches are Cheap.
The Spirit of the Times—Hub Punch.
Eco d'Italia—“Shina!—fiva centa!”
The Living Age—Next to the Dealer.
The American Tailor—Andy Johnson.
The Utica Observer—Roscoe Conkling.
The Christian Observer—Bob Ingersoll.
The Tablet—The Slate Behind the Bar.
The Book-Keeper—Liable to be Missing.
The Progressive American—Daniel Pratt.
The Newark Call—“Come to Church!”
The Youth's Companion—The Toy Pistol.
The Scientific American—John L. Sullivan.
The Chicago Tribune—The Divorce Court.
The Saturday Review—Before the Cashier.
The Christian Union—Moody and Sankey.
The Boston Post—Bunker Hill Monument.
The Hudson County Democrat—J. D. Biddle.
The Dry Goods Bulletin—Nothing to Wear.
The Yonkers Statesman—Samuel J. Tilden.
Kirk's Guide to the Turf—August Belmont.
The School Bulletin—Be Back on Sept. 4th.
The Banker's Magazine—A Herring's Safe.
The Literary Repository—The Waste-Basket.
The Commercial Advertiser—Lydia Pinkham.
The Manufacturer and Builder—John Roach.
The Brooklyn Eagle—“Richelieu” Robinson.
The New York Clipper—Hair Cutting Machine.
The Jewish Messenger—Reuter's Telegraph Co.
The Sunday Courier—Boy with Beer Pitcher.
The Friend of the Laborer—Beecher, \$1 a Day.
The Art Interchange—The Metropolitan Museum.

The Philadelphia Bulletin—Wash Your Sidewalks!
The Christian at Work—Cooking Bank Accounts.
The Wall Street News—Make Good Your Margin.
The Saturday Evening Call—At the Police Station.
Bonfors Wine and Spirit Circular—A Round of Drinks.
The Evening Telegram—“Detained on Business—Pet.”
The Sunday School Union—Custard Pie and Lemonade.
The United Service—The Waiters' Benevolent Association.
Noah's Sunday Times—Playing Poker in the Main Saloon.
Philadelphia American—George Washington Childs, A. M.

YOURS FOR HEALTH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 26th, 1882.
 To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As you are presumed to know everything I come to you for advice. I am a dejected invalid. I have spent several fortunes in all kinds of patent remedies with as yet no benefit—to myself—although I have faithfully subscribed to the virtues of each and every one. I am now desirous of investing the remnant of my money in some medicine the success of which is undoubted, and have lighted on Mrs. Gingham's Vegetable Compound for this purpose, if you will kindly decide for me which of the following portraits is authentic, as I should dislike paying my money to the wrong party:



The first is from an advertisement in the *Irish World* (I think), but there must be some mistake, as I do not think that this person could properly prepare a vegetable compound on which an invalid could rely.



No. 2 is from some Woman's Rights journal, but I cannot now remember which one.

No. 3 is from the *Christian Union*, or else the *New York Observer*, and



No. 4 is supposed to be from the *Jewish Messenger*, and being the most benevolent-looking of the four, and the one that will probably give the greatest discount on a dozen bottles, I will answer her advertisement unless your opinion inclines me otherwise.

Yours anxiously,

NEMO.

“PREVIOUS TO RAIN,” says an exchange, in an article on foretelling the weather: “flies bite sharper and stick to us closer, and the aurora borealis is very bright.” We have facilities for catching the flies, and there has been no failure of the crop, and now if we can manage to corral or can an aurora borealis, we shall set up as a wet weather prophet and make Vennor and Devoe feel that life isn't worth living.

SUNDAY IN CANADA.

Dear, queer Dominion! I love to write about you, with this opinion: there's nothing bright about you. You're foolishly behind the age, and you are blind to many things. A notion you hold—that o'er the ocean, within the Isle of Britain, is said and done and written all that is worthy knowing to keep this planet going.

As an appropriate way to enter Canada, I took a Wagner coach and slept my way into Montreal. A native inquired the name of the sleeper this morning. I marked on the card he handed me: “?”

I'll never do it again. I explained for two hours, with straight and mixed accompaniments, that I meant the “Wy-an-dotte,” but it was of no use.

This morning I indulged in the mild dissipation of going to church. The English cathedral was recommended. At the door a portentously funny fat man in an ecclesiastical overcoat, and with no visible legs, offered me a seat. He carefully placed me where I could see nothing but a marble post and hear nothing but echos.

I could tell when it was time to pray by watching others.

I was glad of this, for I discovered afterward that I had prayed for Victoria, and blessed the Prince of Wales, and asked grace for Louise, and begged forgiveness for Arthur. Perhaps the latter will be credited to a gentleman of that name not entirely unknown at Washington.

A liberal spirit pervades the English cathedral: the man with the plate accepted my American contribution without discount. I guess the building is very “toney” in architecture and fine shadings, and perspective and impressiveness, and the rest of the list, but I couldn't see from behind the post.

After getting my money's worth here I strolled around to a rival establishment—the Church of the Jesuits. Only individual devotions were in progress, so I had the opportunity to take it all in. The candles, dolls, shrines, emblems, symbols and the rest of it seem very much like all other church property. There's really very little originality in this sort of decoration. Even the saints have a strong family resemblance, excepting as to the amount of whiskers, and this, of course, applies to only an approximate half of the calendar.

The Jesuit church is finely lighted. The management sensibly assumes that their pretty things are made to look at, which is not the case with Notre Dame. The pictures and frescos are said to be very grand; they are, certainly, very large, bold, clear, and exhibit no economy of paint—mostly of the high primary order.

A picturesque old woman with a little toddling child entered the church. It was a thoughtful doubt as to which led the other. The good old lady came to pray, and took the saints in regular order as they are ranged around the two side aisles. And she who prayed had, to my mind, a more saintly look than the images she worshiped. She knelt for a slow minute or two, the while that child looked wonderfully on with a heaven of innocence in her blue eyes, then passed serenely to the next-door establishment.

It chanced that one of the boss saints was absent; her pedestal was empty. A Summer vacation, or necessary repairs, or special duty elsewhere had left a blank. But the dear old woman saw it not, nor knew it, but on bended knee offered up her orisons in all true faith and earnestness, then passed on, blessed and satisfied.

SLOWCUS.

REJECTED articles PUCK returns never,
 But sends them where the woodbine twines forever.

A REVIEW.

Our E. C., the *Christian Union*, comes to us this week in a neat pea-green cover, and is branded Educational Number. When a paper comes out every week in the year, it is not highly improper that it should make a break once, and give us something tending to the development of intelligence. The *Christian Union* sent us a postal-card last week, on which it softly tooted:

THE CHRISTIAN UNION,
20 LAFAYETTE PLACE,
NEW YORK.

Please observe the special EDUCATIONAL NUMBER of *The Christian Union* which you will receive this week.

"The Outlook" is the first article. It treats of the Suez Canal, but doesn't tend much to educate the popular mind, as it doesn't say the boy on the tow-path is shock-haired, or that he wears only one suspender or a belt, no shoes, a colored shirt, and his trousers rolled up to his knees. And while it doesn't say whether the boats are drawn by camels or mules, it makes no statement as to the manner in which the animal is coerced into a satisfactory performance of his functions.

Under the head of "Editorial Articles" we have "A Bundle of Arrows," "Genius Loci," "Notes," and "Inquiring Friends." The first is a treatise on archery, the second is an exhaustive and exhausting paper on man's success, but doesn't say how a farmer may succeed in pulling through a hard Winter when his crops have failed, his clothes are worn out, his bank account closed, and the cow and her co-operative sister, the pump, are indisposed.

The third, "Notes," on examination, is found not to be ten-dollar bills, but a paper treating of the *Christian Union* in general, and this number in particular. It tells how Mr. Lathrop and Margaret Vandegrift lighten the sheet with fiction, how Susan Coolidge and Mrs. Mason gild the whole business with graceful verses, how Mr. Beecher engineers the Lecture Room, and the lively manner in which Mr. Abbott runs the Sunday-school Lesson and Spiritual Reflection Department.

The fourth of the "Editorial Articles," "Inquiring Friends," is a paper devoted to those fiends who are always writing to editors, telling them how to run their papers, and asking them how to make cake, and the best way to mend harness with cast-off rubber boots.

Then come the "Contributed Articles": "The Rose of Jericho" is by Susan Coolidge. We will quote one verse, and let the reader decide where the poetry comes in, and what it all has to do with education:

It grew in a wonderful clime,
Where the sun has charmed power,
All in a perfumed mist it hung
By the wandering breezes fanned and swung,
And it rang for fairy ears each hour
An audible fairy chime."

Better it would be for our pious contemporary to have something like this from R. J. Burdette, of the *Burlington Hawkeye*:

SONG OF THE WATERMELON.

I come when the days are hot,
When the August days are high;
And the home is seldom where I am not;
And loud is the midnight cry.

I double
Your trouble
And woe;
I scan
Every man
As my foe;

And woe to the boy,
Who with youthful joy,
Creeps into the field where I grow.

CHORUS—Double; double,
Pain and trouble,
Cholera gripe and colic double;
How the bub 'll
Eat and gubble,
Then lie down amid the stubble;
And his grub 'll
Make him trouble,
Hanging to him like old Hubbell
While the club 'll
Dribble, drabble,
On his back until the cub 'll
Scribble, scrubble.

"The Johns Hopkins University" treats of hazing. The "Kinder Garten," we are informed, in parenthesis means Children Garden, and "Menschen Erziehung" signifies Education of Mankind, for which information we are duly grateful.

"Industrial Education Abroad" doesn't tell you how to do fancy arithmetic, as practised by modern bank cashiers, but it tells you how to paint a carriage, and cook food, and build a hen-coop, and make good fodder for cattle out of the stuffing of old furniture.

"The Education of Farmers" is rather humorous. The author tells us that farmers are better off with a knowledge of French and German. Well, they are; they would even be better off with a knowledge of English. The man who remarks: "You see that skow that I was telling of you over yonder?" would win the everlasting respect of a mad bull by saying to him: "Du bist verrückt, mein Kind." The bull would accept it as a high compliment, and become gentle and playful on the spot.

And then it would be so toney to hear the farmer telling the hornet he was so very distingué, and throwing a piece of oil-cloth to the goat, with the familiar query: "Avez-vous faim?" or slapping the auroral corn on the ground and warbling softly to the feathered bipeds: "Viens ici! Viens ici!" The chickens would think they were getting something better than corn, just as the Jerseyman who orders something in a restaurant with a long French name never dreams it is mutton until some one tells him so. And instead of saying: "Whoa, Bill," to the horse, he might say: "Dis donc, Guillaume!" and win the animal's everlasting respect.

Yes, the farmer needs a knowledge of French and German, if he wants to understand the mysteries of raising French mustard and sauerkraut on a sandy loam.

"Some Great Music Schools" informs you how to grind a hand-organ, and the best method of training and feeding monkeys.

"Education in Business Life" gives the reader a knowledge of what a boy goes through for two dollars per week, and how he loafers when he goes out to get bills-of-lading signed, and how he gets away with postage-stamps, and dumps all the letters into a lamp-post instead of taking them to the general office.

The "Three Bridges" treat of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Bridge of Sighs and Bridget (fire) the Chambermaid.

"In Summer" is a poem by Caroline A. Mason. It is a sort of humming-bird-bumble-bee-swaying honey-suckle affair.

"Our Young Folks" consists of a story about a wafer that was stuck on the top of a man's head. If he hadn't been bald the wafer could not have been stuck there. See hair renewer advertisement on another page.

"Science for the Young"—Base-ball.

"Aunt Patience's Writing Desk"—Second-hand, made of rose-wood, no two legs the same length; presented by *Bunthorne* at the 100th representation.

"Lecture Room Talk" is by H. W. Beecher. He says dogs bark at night because they can't sleep, but forgets to tell us why they bark during the day when they are awake, or why they keep still at night when they are asleep.

"Science and Art"—Boxing.

"An Hour in the Frankfort Gallery" is interesting, but we miss the Frankfort sausage.

"Literary notes"—Ten-dollar bills for comic poems.

Then comes a lot of advertisements of pianos, corsets, Teachers' Bibles, Agents Wanted, Cruden's Concordance, Our Glad Hosanna, Spencerian Ink, and Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, all of which has a great deal to do with education and its advancement. *The Christian Union* is copyrighted, and all dramatic rights are reserved. If it will send us word the next time it gets out a special number, we shall again take great pleasure in saying all the good things we can of it.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—Ask her if it is calorific enough for her.

L. M. M.—"What will a banjo cost you?" Your life, if you play it near us.

MAGNESIA MINNIE.—No, you ought not to marry the young man. His hiding around a corner and throwing brickbats at you shows not only a morose disposition, but a tendency to waste valuable material. He is not the man to build you up a home.

CURCULIO.—If you have inadvertently dealt yourself two small pair and given the age your own ace full, the best thing you can do to get even is to call his attention to the beautiful moonlight effect on the Alpine glacier out the back window, while you corral a safe percentage of his chips with your left hand.

SIMLAX.—You say:
Little Mary smiling sat
Beneath her parasol,
When up came a billy-goat
And ate her waxen doll.
And the goat waxed kinder wrath,
While Mary 'gan to squeal;
The goat yelled out: "That doll was filled
With sawdust, not with meal!"

And we quite believe your statement. What we regret is that you should have chosen a style of treatment so utterly antagonistic to the tender tragedy of the theme. Have you no reverence for the subtle aroma of tender sentiment that hangs, or should hang, around the goat? There is a vein of flippancy in your poem that jars on one of the finer, soft-pedal, rubber cushion fibres of our nature.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mary Anderson has changed a Summer diamond for a Spring yacht.

Mlle. de Gille est arrivée. Fräulein Gillert befindet sich in New York. Miss Gillert is here. She has arrived in three languages.

"The Snake Charmer" has been transferred to the ALCAZAR by Manager McCaul, who has now put on his stage, at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, the tuneful and nautical "Bilgee Taylor."

"Esmeralda," you canno the in earnest? Surely you will not leave us? Only two more short months, and then a new play! The MADISON SQUARE THEATRE will be dull without you. We must try and reconcile ourselves to the pending awful bereavement.

The GRAND OPERA HOUSE, under the management of Mr. Abbey, opened for the season last Monday night, with the "Lights o' London." The theatre has undergone thorough renovation, re-decoration, re-upholstering and re-fitting, and it seems to have got through the agonizing ordeal with triumph.

There was incandescent excitement in the neighborhood of Broadway and Eighth Street on Saturday evening last. On investigation a PUCK reporter discovered that it was entirely owing to natural causes. It was the first night of "The Blackbird," an Irish drama by Mr. George L. Stout, at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.

At NIBLO'S GARDEN "Youth," with Wallackian scenery, is running smoothly to large audiences. The stage being so large, the general effect is much more striking than at the 30th Street WALLACK'S THEATRE. Gustavus Levick is the impossible hero, and he is ably supported by Mrs. Charles Poole and Mr. F. Lamb. Those who are desirous of getting a faint idea of what a British oriental military campaign is like should see "Youth."

"Ranch 10," now undergoing representation at the "only HAVERLY'S THEATRE in New York City," is well-adapted for those who like strong situations and highly spiced Western romance with a pleasant dash of fun. There is a fire, a blizzard, a snow-storm and many hair-raising incidents, with a fair amount of humor in the delivery of which Mr. Smith, as *Judge Prose*, distinguishes himself. Mr. Meredith is the tall, double-barreled hero, and apparently knows how to act.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR has become the chosen home of spectacular ballet in America. The current attraction there is "The Snake Charmer," Audran's beautiful, seductive, oriental, dusky, East Indian, tiger-lily romance of the Gauges. Added to all the loveliness of its score and characters is the full ALCAZAR ballet led by those graceful artists, Miles, Bonfanti and Lepri. The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR has become one of the fashionable attractions of New York, as the audiences in attendance nightly attest. Mr. Ernest Harvier is business manager.

Next Tuesday Mr. Daly will enter the field in the melodramatic line with "Mankind." "The Passing Regiment," in the meantime, continues its lively march. DALY'S THEATRE presents an elegant appearance with the improvements and decorations that have been made during the Summer recess. New aisles and additional boxes have been constructed, the screens behind the rear row of seats have been raised, and there is now ample room to pass between the seats when occupied. In lieu of doors there are rich and heavy portières covering the wide and ample entrances.

There will be sad disappointment amongst the thousands of New York children, who come back to school September 4th, when they learn that the little *Grosvenor*, *Bunthorne*, and the small dragoon guards and little rapturous maidens, who have been playing "Patience," at WALLACK'S, through the holidays, have taken flight to Brooklyn. This is the last week of their appearance at the new WALLACK'S THEATRE on Broadway. There is a matinée to-day at 1:30. The last matinée will take place on Saturday. Some consolation may be derived from the knowledge that it is whispered that these young ones may return to us in a few weeks.

WE HAVE NOT.

PUCK has issued its recent cartoon, "Congressional Cracksmen," on a separate sheet, evidently for political campaign purposes. Boss Hiscock appears among the robbers of the federal treasury in the act of climbing up a ladder. That might have done very well a year ago, when the Boss had his eye on the Speakership and possible honors still further up the scale; but the most appropriate picture of him just now would represent him tumbling down, with the toe of the Twenty-fifth Congressional District introduced in an upper corner of the page by way of explaining his reverse.—*Syracuse Herald*.

This is all right, only we haven't issued the cartoon on a separate sheet. Some one else is responsible. We are not cutting ourselves up, at present. ED. PUCK.



THE DEADLY UPAS TREE
"This tree.....was said to be so exceedingly poisonous that no could

P.U.K.



WASTE OF WALL STREET.

that no could even approach it without certain death."—Zell's Encyclopedia.

THE MOON IS DIMMED.

The other evening at the West End, Long Branch, the Electric Light was blazing away with might and main, when the Moon poked its silvery nose from behind the gauzy tapestry of a cloud.

"I shine on all lands!" proudly howled the Moon, sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and airily biting the end off a twenty-cent Henry Clay.

"I know you do," responded the Electric Light, testily: "but I shine only in polite society. I shine on lovely women, on swallow-tails and low-cut dresses—"

"Yes," broke in the Moon: "but you go out. You can't run all the time. Now if I had to depend on a lot of wires and wire-pullers to run me, I'd feel too small to say much in my own defense. And then you are only about forty feet high and stuck on the end of a pole. And you look just like a dollar diamond. Now I run myself, and go where I please, and old bald-headed philosophers look at me through glasses, just as they look at a ballet dancer—"

"I know I go out occasionally," replied the Electric Light to the moon's first declaration: "but you are out all the time. You stay out all night and get full. (Joke got off by Romulus to his maternal wolf, found in the catacombs by a traveler early in the thirteenth century.) One week you are as round as a dime-museum fat woman, and the next you are as thin as the champion skeleton or a Broadway stage horse. And you can't stand straight, but have to bend over like a piece of musk-melon, and look like a gum-drop Derby, and lean against yourself for support. One day you are on your back with your horns in the air, and the next you get your back up and let your horns hang down. You would let your horns hang on a beer slate if you could. You are no light. You are not as bright as the lead dollar that a conductor can't look at without screeching murder. You ought to don an ulster made of tinfoil, and wear a lighted cigar and a fire-fly on the end of your nose. Then you would look decent. Why, even when you are shining, the people have to get me out at the head of an army of lamp-posts, that they may walk along the road without falling over their feet."

The moon got pretty mad and felt like hauling in its horns, but didn't; it simply hissed:

"Well, I'm not made of a lot of chemicals, and owned by a stock company."

"Correct," replied the Electric Light, with a pleasant smile: "If you had some decent chemicals in your make up, you would not look so much like a tin pie-plate. And you are not owned by a stock company, eh? Well, I guess you are not, and never will be. No one would take any stock in you."

And then the moon snarled back with schoolgirl spite:

"Well, I can make people crazy by shining on them, and you can't! Now, take that you mean old thing."

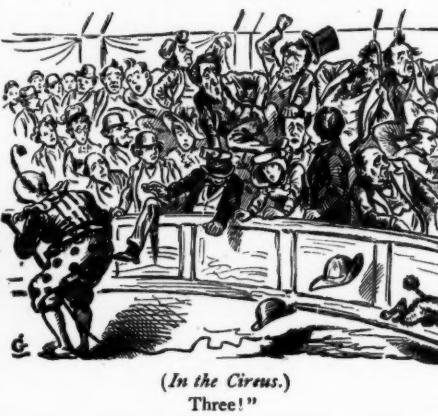
"Go slow," replied the Electric Light, brushing the hair out of its eyes and smiling a chaste smile of confidence: "the other night two lovers sat over there on the West End piazza, beside a bay window in the shadow of a pillar. I was down pretty low then, but suddenly I blazed up to my full height, and revealed to a straggler the spectacle of that young man toying with a full set of the snowiest fingers you ever saw. You say I can't make people crazy, eh? If you think that young couple wasn't the craziest couple in the State of New Jersey just then, why you are way at sea. Why, my dear Moon—"

But the Moon had withdrawn behind a cloud, and the Electric Light remained master of the situation, while the band struck up, and the dancers floated off into the mazes of the dreamy.

R. K. M.

A CIRCUS STUDY.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.



It is with pleasure that we announce the fact that a new text book has been introduced into all our colleges, and has been hailed with wild enthusiasm by the respective faculties of Columbia, Harvard, Yale,

CORNELL,

Dartmouth, Princeton, Union, and many other seats of learning. The new book is

TO BE

used in place of many absurd old parodies on philosophy, in the simple slang of the students de

NOMINATED

"rot," and will beyond a doubt do much to improve the manners and money of these young men

BY

elevating their minds as nothing else could, not even

THE

poems of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. For this wonderful work it is not necessary to sacrifice even a single

GREENBACK

for it may be purchased for 25 cents of all dealers, and we are guilty of no mere

CONVENTION

al compliment when we say that

PUCK ON WHEELS

is the great book of the year. If you don't believe us,

put up

25 CENTS

and ask the simple question of any or

ALL NEWSDEALERS.

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.—BY ARTHUR LOT.

CANTO SEVENTH.
THE VICTORY.¹

Argument.—Mortal things, they say, all tend soon or late to reach an end,² and, as now this tale has run swiftly since it was begun through the story of Guy's love for a damsel quite above him in money and in birth, whose papa was millions worth, here its ending you will find, if to read it you're inclined,³ and details which ought to lend a new interest to the end.

Fathers, since the world was made, always have their power displayed, always set their cash above human hearts and human love, and, when they such acts have done, generally they have won.⁴

In this canto Lida's pa Guy's arrangements tries to mar, shows to Lida that Guy's poor, and the woes she must endure if she weds a man like Guy, who most luxuries can't buy.⁵

Then will here be also told how from Lida's eyes tears rolled, and you'll find there's nothing hid, of what Lida said and did, and—but read, we don't propose any more to here disclose.⁶

It didn't require a vast deal of thought
On the part of pa Smythe, to tell what he ought

To do with regard to his daughter;⁷
'Twas plain at a glance to him that he could
Not rule o'er his child, unless he should
Say who could and who should⁸ not court her.

So he finished his business, and hurried away
To his home up-town in his private coupé,
Though he feared the market was booming;⁹

¹ That's uncommonly indefinite, but we suppose the author wishes to compel us to read the canto to the end before we can learn who won.—Editor.

² We believe they do tend in that direction, but on some Sunday mornings, when the minister has reached fourteenthly and our stomach has howled for dinner, we have been almost persuaded that lastly has dropped out of his manuscript.—Editor.

³ If the reader has followed the story to this point, he is not likely to skip any part of it now. The most objectionable story-readers are those who bound at once to the end, and refuse to read a story which does not conclude in a way that suits them. It was to catch just such readers that the mystic phrase, "To be continued in our next" was invented.—Editor.

⁴ Wherefore otherwise? Providence is always on the side of the heaviest battalions, and in love affairs money-bags are the battalions. We ourselves might have been a happy husband and the father, in all probability, of several olive branches, if her papa had not remarked to her: "Angelina, if you marry that rooster, I'll leave every dollar I own to your sister." That cooked our goose, and yet we had already selected the suite of rooms in the old man's house which we preferred.—Editor.

⁵ Ah, if sealskin sacques grew on trees, and silk dresses on grapevines, and diamond ear-rings, etc., could be picked up in the street—of course we mean without the risk of Sing Sing—poor young men might be able to marry girls who desire such articles; but, as this world is now made up, ten dollars a week furnishes little more than bread and butter, with an occasional egg or cutlet.—Editor.

⁶ This author has played that trick with every canto, and his arguments haven't been worth a continental to us in the way of saving us from the labor of plodding through his verses.—Editor.

⁷ Certainly there was only one thing that could be done. Somebody would be compelled to give up his or her desires; the sole question was who should do it.—Editor.

⁸ There are a good many shoulds and coulds here, and we did mean to dabble a little in grammatical lore, but, on investigation, we found we are not as clear about the use of would, could and should as we should be, and that most grammarians are delightfully muddled in their explanation of the way in which those words should be used.—Editor.

⁹ There may be a little of the doubting Thomas quality in our organization, but we are a little incredulous when an author tells us that a business man went up-town, while the market was on the boom, merely to prevent his daughter from marrying. That story is just a trifle too hin.—Editor.

Yet he felt that to stay and watch his cash,
While this drummer man was still on the mash,
Or to sit and do naught would not look wise
In any millionaire-father's eyes,
When a son-in-law was looming.¹⁰

And he knew that Lida had told him her wish
Was to catch a sort of masculine fish¹¹

Who would please her with his beauty;
So her pa felt anxious to make her aware
That, since she was his only child and heir,
Miss Lida Smythe was compelled to bear
The burden imposed by duty.¹²

For duty, somehow or other, alloys
The delights that come from all human joys,
And mingles with all our pleasures,¹³
And a girl can't wed the first man she may see,¹⁴
Who is quite to her taste, if she happen to be
The heiress of very great treasures.

And father Smythe had made up his mind
That, for his daughter, a husband he'd find
Who had both wealth and station,¹⁵
And he meant to have what he liked well, for,
Though he might afterward show him the door,
He felt just then that a son-in-law

Is an intimate relation.¹⁶

And surely such thoughts will nowise surprise
Those respectable pas, who have been so wise
As into a pile, of rather large size,
To gather much money together;
With the rich it's not true,
And mayhap not with you,
That, be his blood red or be his blood blue,
One man is as good as another.¹⁷
The proletarian¹⁸
May have ideas like that,
But the rich will never receive them,
For such fancies would end the wealthy man's
plea,

That he's greater than any poor fellow can be,
If all folks would only believe them.

¹⁰ We admire the author's figure of speech here. That's the way a son-in-law comes. At first he's like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but he finally looms up like some gigantic storm-cloud which fills the whole heavens.—Editor.

¹¹ We never have understood why husband or wife catching should be likened to piscatorial pursuits, unless it be that the girl often gets the young man on a string, and that, when a lover's passion abates, he is liable to hook it.—Editor.

¹² If Mr. Gilbert had not already so thoroughly exhibited "the slave of duty," we should be inclined to expatiate on this subject. Money is always burdened with duties. If you possess the money, it is your duty to pay your tailor; if you don't possess it, then it is his duty to collect what you owe him—if he can. Our tailor doesn't yet know whether he can or not, but a summons served on us yesterday proves that he is doing his duty.—Editor.

¹³ That is what we complain of. If a fellow wants his beer, it is his duty to pay for it. The duties which other people will provide for you are innumerable, aside from the duties Uncle Sam puts on your umbrellas and cigars. You owe a duty to society, and to the country, (at election times,) and to your family, and to the church, and to your neighborhood, and—in fact a fellow's duties are so numerous that we have actually been compelled to leave some of them unperformed, and so, in order to treat everybody and everything fairly, we have resolved to shirk all our duties, even Uncle Sam's, when possible.—Editor.

¹⁴ That's ridiculous. She wouldn't wish to. He would probably be a tramp, or the butler, or her pa's coachman. Those are the men her optics first observe.—Editor.

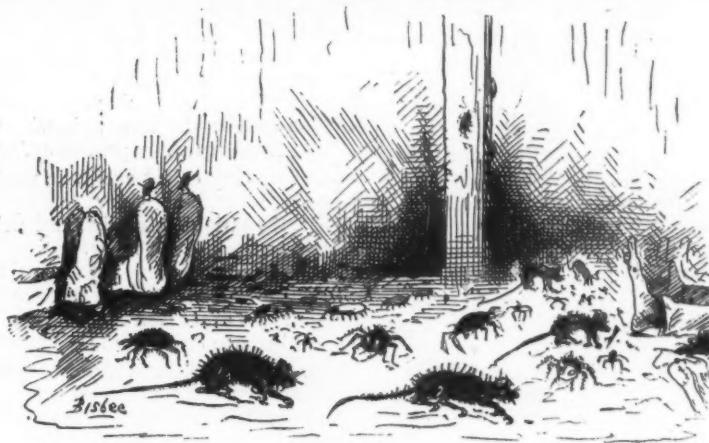
¹⁵ We don't blame him. We have suffered from that peculiarity of wealthy fathers, but it's human nature. It's very nice poetry to say that "a man's a man for a' that," but for good solid every day sort of exercise the gold takes the cake.—Editor.

¹⁶ Many a man will, with a sigh, admit the truth of that observation. It is becoming more and more common for a son-in-law to sit down by the old man's fireside and make things cheerful—for the son-in-law—by spending the old man's money. Generally we don't care how intimate a man is with us, but we kick like a three-year-old mule when he attempts to cultivate an intimacy with our pocketbook.—Editor.

¹⁷ We ourselves are not entirely convinced of the truth of that proposition. We think we would be in favor of an aristocracy if we could be a duke.—Editor.

¹⁸ If there is a grandiose word which will express an unpleasant thing, a writer of refinement will always use it though he drive every reader to the dictionary.—Editor.

A SEA SKETCH.



LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

Mister Smythe then went from his business away,
About noon in the day,
In his private coupé,
Which took him, with speed, through our
crowded Broadway
To his home above Madison Square;
And once in the house, in a stern tone he bade
His daughter (sending up the word by her maid,)
To his room at once to repair.

Then the maid brought him word that his
daughter, so fair,
Just then was engaged in dressing her hair,¹⁹
Since her couch she had only deserted

A few moments before
He had ope'd the front door,²⁰
But that very soon she would show him her face,
If the breakfast-room, as their meeting-place,
In his order were inserted.

'Twould have taken three hours, and not a
whit less,
For Lida to rig herself out in full dress,²¹
So she came in her morning attire,²²
And, as she was pouring the cream in her cup,
She asked her papa what trouble was up,
Why her presence he did desire.²³

To ask any more she couldn't then stop,
For there had been placed a nicely broiled chop²⁴
In front of her by the waiter,
Still she looked all she'd ask, as she took a sup
Of high-flavored Mocha out of her cup,
That had come from below the equator.²⁵

¹⁹ A father who would disturb a girl just as she had got her bandoline, etc., out for the purpose of arranging her bangs, etc., must be absolutely devoid of feeling.—Editor.

²⁰ He should have known that Fifth Avenue girls do not crawl out of their couches till about noon, unless, of course, they are going somewhere. What's the use of being wealthy if you must get up in the morning just like plebeians?—Editor.

²¹ We are not quite certain about the time required for that business, but we are inclined to think that on several occasions we have waited longer than three hours in the parlor, while the girls we had called to see were putting on their store-clothes.—Editor.

²² We've seen some girls in morning attire who would frighten the most persistent wooer. In fact, our advice to young men is, if you don't want to become disenchanted, don't fool around your charmer's house in the morning unless you give her warning.—Editor.

²³ Evidently she was a cool hand. Her papa couldn't flurry her.—Editor.

²⁴ Of course she couldn't. We would scarcely give a cold chop to a tramp. You are right: we would have it warmed over; but that's because we are in financial difficulties.

As a rule, chops should be eaten hot—with tomato sauce, if it's hardy.—Editor.

²⁵ Her coffee may have crossed the equator, but we understand that peas and beans form the greatest part of the coffee of commerce. We understand those grocers, who insist that oilymargarine is better than butter, propose to claim that burnt peas are much superior to coffee. We don't say that isn't so, but you'll never hear us shouting "Let us have peas," at breakfast-time.—Editor.

Her charms in all their splendor;²⁶
Her hair, now brushed quite plainly back,
Did all its bangs and short curls lack,²⁷
And there was not a trace
Of color in her face,²⁸
Nor in her form the grace
Her raiment seemed to lend her.²⁹

Then her pa, in a tone uncommonly stern,
While she cut up a chop, which was done to a
turn,³⁰

Spoke quite plainly to his daughter;
He spoke of his wealth, and said that she should
Send away from their house as quick as she
could,
And if she did not he certainly would,
Any beggar who came to court her;³¹
She remarked that her pa would be very good,
And probably be quite as well understood,
If he'd make his lecture shorter.³²

"What I wish," said her pa: "to make very
plain
Is that, be assured, you will hope quite in vain
Any man without wealth to marry,
Unless you see fit to go out of my door,
And make up your mind to ne'er enter it more,
And with your poor lover to tarry."³³

"Well, father," said Lida, as she sipped the
burnt pea:

"Why do you come home to tell this to me
Before I am up in the morning?

²⁶ That's invariably so. Half a woman's beauty is in her fixings.—Editor.

²⁷ Doubtless hanging on the back of a chair.—Editor.

²⁸ Not yet laid on. We understand that is seldom put on before twilight.—Editor.

²⁹ The reader can't expect us to give the business away; but there are plenty of stores in New York where can be seen the instruments of torture in which women acquire the forms men admire.

³⁰ Evidently she had inherited some of her father's business qualities. Some girls would have allowed the chop to freeze to death.—Editor.

³¹ We think Mr. Smythe should have been more particular in the use of language. We ourselves are poor, and our pocketbook looks like a square flapjack, but we should object to being called a beggar. We might not be able to buy a coupon on a hundred dollar bond, but that is merely genteel poverty and not beggary.—Editor.

³² The freshness of that girl is refreshing.—Editor.

³³ The old man is quite explicit. We like to have things put in that way. If we ask a friend to lend us fifty cents and he means to decline, we would much rather have him refuse us flatly than have him tell us that he has expended his last cent in buying a present for his mother-in-law. There are some excuses so attenuated that they can't stand alone.—Editor.

Why such horrible threats at me do you cast?
Why try to annoy me thus at breakfast
By such a terrible warning?"³³

"Because," remarked he: "on this very morn
There came the cheekiest man ever born,"
And said that, although a drummer, he sought
Permission from me my daughter to court,
Forgetting that you are above him."

Now, though Lida's chops were quite full of
chop,³⁴
From chewing the meat long enough she did
stop

To remark: "Oh, father, I love him!"³⁵

"He's a drummer," quoth he: "without a
meal,"³⁶

He's a drummer, who merely is trying to steal
Some wealthy man's only daughter;

He's a chap fitted out with a romantic name,
But his people have never been known unto
fame,

He's a drummer for Congress Water."³⁷

"But, father," said Lida: "he is brim full of
grace,"
Has the manliest form and the daintiest face,
Which I loved as soon as I saw him;
He can talk in a way that charms one to hear,
As he whispers love-words very soft in one's
ear.³⁸

And, father, I dearly adore him!"

"If you think," said her pa: "this drummer's
caress

Will satisfy you when you want a new dress
Or chapeau or jewel or carriage,
If you think that good looks or grace in your
spouse

Will make you enjoy a tenement house,
Then take your fine drummer in marriage."³⁹

"But this I remark, and mean just what I say,
That you no longer in my mansion can stay

If you choose to wed this drummer;
And then you will be most dreadfully poor,
And such frightful poverty, you may be sure,
You'll find a very tough thing to endure
In Winter or even in Summer."⁴⁰

³³ The previousness of the heroine is quite startling. We like cheek, if there is only a fair amount of room left on the person's face for his other features; but this damsel seems to be all cheek. We know that if we had talked back to our paternal parent in our youthful days in the way this young lady does, we would have heard "the patter of the shingle on our 'pants.'"—Editor.

³⁴ If the author will send Smythe around to us, we'll bet him that he is mistaken in that opinion. We know a drummer who went to the same store seven times in one day, although he was invited to go out of it, was ordered out, was shoved out, was run out, was kicked out and was fired out. On the seventh visit the proprietor bought some goods to get rid of the drummer.—Editor.

³⁵ It strikes us that the author must have strained himself in stretching after that pun. He should be more careful. We once knew a man whose brain was softened by his efforts to make a pun, and not one of his acquaintances felt sorry for the poor man's punishment.—Editor.

³⁶ Somehow it strikes us that the author has mixed up some incongruous elements here. A girl's chops and a lamb's chop and a maiden's love do not go well together. Love suggests moonlight; chops suggest smacking.—Editor.

³⁷ Plenty of distinguished men have started on that basis. We ourselves started in life without a dollar in our pockets. To be sure, we are in the same predicament yet, but then, understand, we are not dead yet. Who knows that we will not die a millionaire? No fellow, not even ourselves; but we have our suspicions. Anyhow, we know a town where they have a nice poorhouse.—Editor.

³⁸ It's a pity Hayes has retired. If he had only been re-elected, this drummer could have made his fortune out of the White House trade.—Editor.

³⁹ She appreciated the fellow's good points, and we wish some girls, whom we have known, had been equally intelligent. Then we—but why give ourselves away?—Editor.

⁴⁰ We have a very pretty flow of language, but, if we had been putting those ideas into words, in a competition with Smythe, we think Smythe would have taken the cake.—Editor.

⁴¹ He is judiciously exact, but we made up our mind that, if the choice is given to us, we will take our poverty in the sweet Summer time. We shudder, as we think of tramping during a Winter so full of blizzards as was the last. We hate work, but we would rather be door-keeper in the Senate than tramp in the Winter.—Editor.

Then Lida, while tears dropped swift from her
eye,
With her napkin tried hard her cheek to wipe
dry,

While her toast she was deftly soaking.⁴²
"I suppose," she remarked: "I must turn Guy
away,

If you mean to be quite as harsh as you say,
But it's dreadfully provoking."⁴³

So, when Guy called again, he was told at the
door

That the girl he adored would ne'er see him
more,

And had gone from home for the Summer;
Then, in order that he might ease his mind,
Until some other rich maid he could find,

He became once more a drummer.⁴⁴

How it hap'd there is none, but Lida Smythe,
knows,

And that's one of those things she will never
disclose,

But to Rudolph her love was plighted
In a month after she had turned Guy away;⁴⁵
And, as Rudolph was urgent, without much
delay

The fond loving pair were united.
And Lida is happier than if she'd been rash,
Than if she had lost all her father's hard cash
By marrying Guy, though in cutting a dash

He was by no lover excelled;
For she was entranced by all the fine things,
Which wealth to a newly-wedded wife brings,
And her vision of love was dispelled.⁴⁶

[THE END.]

No reports of mad dogs in town yet, but nobody could blame the dogs for getting mad at this weather.

If the man who is going to tell us that the thin corn husks indicate warmer weather in September than we are having during August will kindly call on that errand after nine o'clock P. M., the item of his terrible death will give our fourth-page fellows a boss scoop on our evening contemporary.

A Boston man was so overjoyed when he understood that Sullivan had pounded Elliott into a pulp before Tug Wilson came over that he fainted. "By St. Botolph," said he: "these English novelists will soon learn to keep out of the way of Boston talent. 'Romola' has learned a thing or two by coming over here."

In a chapter on the "Flirtation of the Coat-tail," the *Boston Post* says: "When there is mud on the coat-tails, it means: 'I do not like your father.'" From the persistency with which the *Post* man writes paragraphs of this tenor, we infer that during courting days the old man never wiped his feet on the door-mat.

A paragraph in the papers says that burglars entered a railroad dépôt in Bellaire, Ohio, choked the watchman and took \$100 from the safe. If it was the Baltimore and Ohio Dépôt, travelers will be sorely disappointed that the robbers did not leave the \$100 and take the dépôt. Then that very extravagant and gorgeous company could have taken the \$100 and built a good dépôt.

A distressing calamity fell upon a household out on West Hill last Saturday night. A set of false teeth suddenly went mad, and tore up a blonde wig and bit a cork leg occupying the same room. The wig is a hopeless wreck and the leg is not expected to recover. The only reason that can be assigned for the development of this case of hydrophobia is the fact that the owner of the teeth was in the habit of kissing her pug dog. We gather these particulars from a glass eye that witnessed the whole affair.

Clara Morris was just fifteen years old in 1862, but if you think that makes her thirty-five now, mathematical reader, you don't know how the ages of actresses are computed; not by a long shot. Bend low, and in a bondman's key, we will, with bated breath, a secret tale unfold. All actresses are born on the 29th of February. Ah, ha? Thou catchest on, sweet gosling? Go, then, and bid thy throbbing heart be still, and ever hold against thy keen forgetfulness that the actress you worship on the stage always passes herself off as her own mother when you meet her in the parlor car next morning.—Robert J. Burdette.

To husband and wife we recommend the Swayne's Ointment for diseases of the skin.

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Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and their pride;
Tis it won't cure the Victor;
Made home howl until sweet CASTORIA
Cured her pain;—Then for peaceful slumber
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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THE only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. An American who had been to Europe was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they entered a swarm of locusts that carried every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around the corner and kicked himself.—*Independent*.

CONGRESS won't give the country a good navy, so a Philadelphia man had to devise a plan for protecting America against the navies of the old world. His scheme is to catch a few whales, tame them, and, when the fleet of the enemy appears, send them at the ships with torpedoes tied to their tails.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald*.

"HAVE you resided long in this town?" asked a tourist of the oldest inhabitant. "Yes," he replied: "a long, long time. D'ye see that mountain over yonder? Well, that was here when I came here." The tourist traveled on.—*New York Commercial*.

THE reporter of a Boston paper went to see the panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The man at the door refused to admit him without paying, and the reporter said: "Send Mr. Bunyan out here, he will let me in."—*Syracuse Times*.

CARRIE (to Gipsy): "But you said you would show us our husbands faces in the water for a shilling, and we only see our own." Gipsy: "And won't they be your husbands faces when you get married?"—*Chicago Indicator*.

NOW THAT it leaks out that Bismarck wrote a poem some forty-five years ago, American editors are expressing satisfaction that the German Chancellor has at last been overtaken with rheumatism.—*Texas Sifters*.

A CHICAGO man, who was sleeping with a brace of revolvers under his pillow, was robbed the other night. He has thrown the weapons down a well and married a woman who snores.—*New York Commercial*.

EVERYBODY is at the seashore or mountains, and hundreds of houses in the city are deserted by their owners, while the only moving creatures left behind are the rats and the ever-registering gas meter.—*Newark Call*.

AN elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with the young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and keep them from annoying her.—*Herald P. I.*

"I LIKE your new hat very much," he said: "it's chic; there's a sort of abandon—" "There isn't any sort of a band on it," she said, pouting: "it's a real ostrich feather."—*Phila. Quiz*.

EVERYBODY wants to read Walt Whitman's "Leaves o' Grass" to see if its suppression was justifiable.—*Boston Post*.

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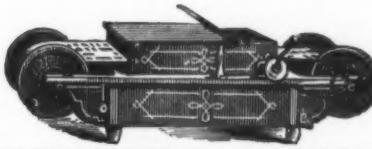
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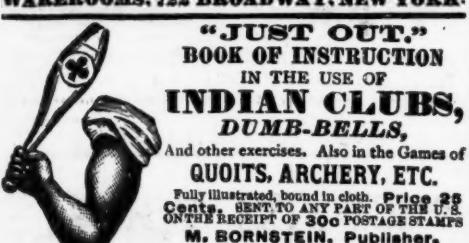


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ARABI BEY.

I am flying, Egypt, flying, and it's likely I shall fly
Till I can't fly any further, for I do not care to die.
I'm so stifled by the desert sand, my lungs can hardly
wheeze,
And I'm feeling mighty shaky in my stomach and my
knees;

Not a bite of camel's sirloin, nor a drop of camel's whey—
Not an orange nor banana has passed my lips to-day,
For I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and my present purpose is
To keep on flying till I know I'm safely out of this!

From Ratapoul to Bag-el-Dad I've wound my weary
way—

From Alexandria's marble halls to Bing Whang's cot of
clay—

From Snicker Ell's sandy plains to Cairo's tufted walls—
From Thump-el-Hittem's lowly site to Sneezza's royal
halls—

And still the bloody Britisher comes prancing up behind,
With a threat to tear my inwards out and strew them to
the wind!

Do you wonder, Egypt—wonder, with my army 'round
me dying,
That I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and propose to keep on
flying?

—Eugene Field, in *Denver Tribune*.

A TEMPERANCE camp-meeting is now in session in Illinois. Of course no liquor is allowed, and the leaders have therefore to be careful when hanging up their coats not to turn them upside down and let the pocket-flasks fall out of the inside pockets.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

MRS. LANGTRY acknowledges that she is coming to this country to make money. If she succeeds, blamed if she won't do better than the most of us who were born right here.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

"DUTIFUL DAUGHTER": You ask us: What is home without a mother? Well, we should suppose it would be a good deal like a church picnic without a thunder shower.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"IS THIS your first appearance in a court of justice?" asked the Austin recorder of a vagrant. "No, judge; it is the last time thus far. How is it with yourself?"—*Texas Sifters*.

A CONVENTION of Land Leaguers in Philadelphia has decided to make the watermelon Ireland's national emblem, because it has the green above the red.—*Independent*.

WE'LL bet our money on the bobtail hoss. Who dare bet on the bey? (Applause and tumultuous omelet from the gallery.)—*Laramie Boomerang*.

THE hay fever season has opened, and the pastor who wants a vacation has commenced talking through his nose.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

HANGING the thermometer in the coolest place in the yard, to ascertain how hot it is, is one of the paradoxes of civilization.—*Independent*.

"ANTS, Bees and Wasps" is the title of a new book, and we observe that our literary editor didn't sit upon it.—*Independent*.

IF Jumbo should die it is understood that Barnum has engaged Robeson to take his place.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

MAN proposes and the girl weighs his pocket-book and decides.—*Elmira Telegram*.

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The steamer SYLVAN GROVE leaves the pier foot of 23d St., EAST RIVER, for the Company's Depot, Greenpoint, connecting with trains for Manhattan Beach, at 9:45, 10:45 A. M., and half-hourly from 11:15 A. M. to 9:15 P. M.

TRAIN'S LEAVE MANHATTAN BEACH at 7:35, 10, 11:05 A. M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:30 P. M., and every fifteen and thirty minutes past the hour to 9:30 P. M., and at 10, 10:35 P. M.

VIA BAY RIDGE.

The steamers D. R. MARTIN and MATTEAWAN leave foot of Whitehall St., terminus of all the Elevated Railroads, 8:10 and half-hourly from 9:10 A. M. to 9:10 P. M.

TRAIN'S LEAVE MANHATTAN BEACH at 7:10, 8:10, 9:10 A. M., and half-hourly from 10:10 A. M. to 10:10 P. M.

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A PASTORAL.

With cowslips in her flaxen hair,
In straightly hanging gown o' blue,
A crook within her lily-hand,
A silver buckle on her shoe—
She sits upon a daisied bank,
Her fleecy flock are feeding near;
Her heart calls over, like a bird:
“Oh, Colin, Colin, Colin dear!
My love a blue-eyed shepherd is,
He leads his flock on yonder lea;
I am a simple shepherdess,
But Colin came awooing me!”
Dear Colin stands amongst his flock,
And stares across the meadow-gate;
He sees sweet Phyllis's gown o' blue,
And leaves his lambkins to their fate.
“Oh, Colin, Colin, Colin dear!”
Sweet Phyllis hears her heart repeat.
She starts and blushes, for she sees
Her own dear Colin at her feet.
A pattering of little hoofs,
Through meadow grasses crisp with dew,
A bleating at the meadow-gate,
And Colin's sheep are coming, too.
—Mary E. Wilkins, in September Century.

THERE is a section of Illinois called Egypt. The other day an Arkansaw man, whose son lives in that community, wrote as follows to the young man: “Come out of that place. If they desire to have a fight there, let 'em fight. Old Seymour, because he was beaten for the Presidency, wants to take his spite out on the people of your district. Next thing you know, old Tilden will fire on somebody. Come away from there before you git your blamed head shot off.”—Arkansaw Traveler.

CAMBRIDGE sympathizes deeply with Alexandria on account of the outrages committed by Bedouins. The Bedouin, it must be understood, is a kind of Harvard student that takes no Summer vacation.—Lowell Citizen.

ANECDOTE of Mrs. Langtry.—One evening, a few years ago, while walking on the beach at Jersey, Mrs. Langtry met an aged woman who accosted her with—well, we'll tell the rest of it when we get the tickets.—Boston Transcript.

Lieutenant Commander Gorring is bringing the obelisk to New York has performed indeed a monumental work. So has Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, in curing the nervous disorders of the world, with his Celery and Chamomile Pills.

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